Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

AD LUNAM.

Queen of the starry Heaven!
Ere the dim twilight's reign hath passed away,
And, by thy footsteps driven,
In darkness fade the last faint steps of day,
Searching the pathway of thy bright career,
Through the deep realms of night,
A thousand heralds of thy course appear,
Floating amidst the immeasurable light
That burns unquenchable along the path,
Whether around thy cloud-encircled form,
The dim Halo,—pale prophet of the storm,
Foretells the tempest's wrath,
Or when thy light, the lonely mariner sees
In the clear ocean's depths unruffled by the breeze.

Queen of the starry Heaven!
Emblem of HIM whose form is purest light,
It to the monarch of the day is given
To represent his might,
And to the children of the dust to bear
The influence of his power
When at the midday hour
His fierce meridian splendour fires the air,
Yet as thy milder light
Usurps the shadowy night,
And the deep twilight dews
Fall silently amidst the evening's gloom—
E'en thus around the darkness of the tomb,
Imaged by thee, the rays of his rich love diffuse.

H. D——r.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa.
August 15th, 1836.

Mr. Atkinson: In my last from Pittsburg, you had a sketch of my perigrinations thus far, but after my arrival in the city of smothered fire and visible smoke, my poor head was confused with the sound of hammers, mills, and the thousand and *two* other noises. But it does not demand long to recover from the consequences of this din, and I made my recovery more rapid by rambling over the hills in the vicinity of this great work-shop.

To me these rambles were in a peculiar manner interesting, and when standing on Prospect Hill, a salient and bold eminence of the Peninsula on which stands the city of Pittsburg, how could I resist the retrospective view of thirty-eight years? In a very warm day of July, 1798, on foot, I first entered this now really great city. It was then the humble embryo, and giving faint promise of its mighty progress. Early in August, 1815, after an absence of seventeen years, I again entered Pittsburgh, but how changed! On my first visit all was silence and langour. The spur of prosperity afforded by a flux of money brought out by the army in 1794, had become blunted. To reflecting minds the natural advantages could not be concealed or overlooked, and long before my first visit, I often heard the expression, "Pittsburg is destined to become a great place." But let any one then have responded, "*And in less than forty years*"—the anticipation would have been ridiculed as the exuberance of a heated imagination. The most daring, however, made no attempts thirty-eight years since, to suppose, that on the point between, and bottoms around the junction of Alleghany and Monongahela, there would be upwards of forty thousand people in 1836. Such is nevertheless the consoling fact—and they are not a sluggish mass, but an active hive. The smoke of their labour rises on the darkened air, and the noise of their work shops break incessantly on the ear, as if a colony of Cyclops had risen or issued from the adjacent steeps. The bank of the Monongahela is lined with those steam impelled vessels, the rightful vehicles to convey away to distant marts, the products made by Vulcan and his workmen. But I am running ahead, and you are out of breath following me over rail-roads, coal hills, and new towns. Well! we'll just stop on this height and look about us. That's right, lean your back against that sugar tree and enjoy its delicious shade, while I point out some things at which you will be startled, though I insist upon it that you give me no interruption, because I am now upon honour to relate nothing but truth.—All the truth I wont promise, as I would not so far tax your partiality. So be silent and attentive.

You see that long tier of steam-boats moored to the Monongahela bank. Well, along that bank and a few streets backward, and falling far short of the Alleghany, stood the whole town of Pittsburg. Where that fleet lies moored, then tied to the bank were a few skiffs, a few ferry flats, and the clumsy hulks of some flat river boats. Now you see the whole plain of the peninsula, the extension of that plain up the Alleghany, and that tenaced slope rising far away above the plains, all covered with streets and houses—many of these houses spacious and elegant.

Now so gradual was the change that in 1815, only twenty one years past, much of the revolution was yet to effect. Many of the squares, then partially built on, are now filled up. The Alleghany plain and the acclivities rising beyond the city, was then fields or meadows. Glance your eye to the right and up the Monongahela, you see a village peeping through the trees, that village is Birmingham. Thirty-eight years ago, Birmingham was not thought of, in 1815, it had risen into the beginning and is now, a manufacturing town, which if it stood far enough from its mighty rival, would be regarded as of some consequence. Forty years ago, there was not such a manufacturing town west of the Alleghany mountains.

If your head can bear the sight look under your feet.—Poo! its not a Volcano, the smoke and noise is nothing but the fires and the workmen plying their hammers. You are on the brow of the Coal Hill, which though it frowns, it means no harm—therefore be composed, and look down at that fine bridge, one of the unexpected miracles of this century. No longer a miracle—yonder is another over the Alleghany, and three more are projected—yes three more! Why my dear friend, to talk now in Pittsburg about building a bridge over either of these rivers, excites no kind of surprise. When wanted, the bridge is a matter of course.

I see what you are gazing at.—It is yonder vehicle, moving down the opposite bank of the Alleghany—you think it a wagon of large size. It is not a wagon, it is a canal boat, and that long waving line which you took for a road, is in fact a canal,—but keep your eye on the boat. There, its gone as if swallowed up by a gulf, from which it will soon emerge, though you cannot from the intervening houses, see the extension of the canal into the basin on the side and in the city. That roofed edifice so like a bridge is an Aqueduct carrying the canal over the Alleghany river. Indeed the Aqueduct is, in one respect, a bridge, as it has on each side, safe and commodious side walks for foot passengers.

Now extend your vision over the Alleghany river, there you perceive a city spread over the plain. You see streets beyond streets, and you see yonder seminary perched on a hill. That city is Alleghany, and that house is the Theological Seminary. And the city and seminary the works of a very few past years, but years of prolific production on that plain.

You see those black spots along the hill sides, contrasting with the deep green of the trees. Those are the mouths of the *gold mines* of Pittsburg. They are here, to be sure called *coal pits*, but that arises from modesty or cunning. The people of Pittsburg know full well where lie the fountains of their golden stream. But they do not blazon their treasures to all the world. The men who can forge a golden Eagle out of stone-coal, have merits far above the necessity of boasting,—and few are the other places in this world, where in proportion to numbers, more men do understand the art of transmuting *coal dust* into *gold dust*. They certainly do trouble the Heavens with immense volumes of smoke, but they take great care to save the substance, while the dross is fumed off.

That breeze has wafted away some of the smoke—behold on the far eastern horizon, that finely pencilled blue line. It is not a bank of clouds, it is the Chesnut Ridge, the western prominent chain of the Appalachian system of mountains. You are I see, more surprised at this assertion of mine, that of any thing I have before told you, but it is true, and I draw your attention to that mountain in order to carry us in retrospect to past time. It is fifty-five years since I first traversed that mountain, and my mother trembled for her children when she saw from its summit, perhaps amongst others, the very height on which we stand. A few days since, I traversed it for the fourth time in a western direction, and before undertaking this last transit, after an interval of thirteen years, I was fully prepared as I thought, to see a great and salutary change, but must now confess that the reality most completely confounded all my anticipations. There is, you may be assured, a spirit in activity in the West,—and in West Pennsylvania, in particular, of which the people east of the mountains have very faint conceptions. Whether this fire which now animates public enterprize, does not burn too fiercely, is a problem depending for its solution, on a prophetic knowledge which I do not claim to possess, but consulting the past, it would whisper a danger of reaction.

When a nation can, however, throw a reflex of capital into the great reservoirs of society, in place of draining them, it proves the action of new principles, and admits of hopes, which under all former conditions of things could not be indulged. So let us hope, and if evil will come, it will make itself known.

Though this recent passage of mine over the Appalachians was the fourth, my eyes were never before so widely opened to observe changes, even on the face of nature. I know not whether you have ever or not, before this year, been on this side of the Appalachian, but whether your recent visit has been the first or the twentieth time you have entered these western regions, you must have been most strongly impressed with the difference in favour of the west in the vigor of vegetation. This difference almost incredible to those who have not, and astonishing to those who have witnessed it, you may see on every hill side, on every bottom you see it in exuberance, you see it in the fields, the meadows, and the woods. The first step you make down the western slope it is visible, and every forward step renders it more and more apparent.

The stupendous works, carried through the most stern and hitherto, many of the most concealed recesses of nature, have enabled men to scan with all the pleasures of which travelling is susceptible, what only a few years since was not suspected to exist. From the utmost elevation of the Alleghany, to the often perpendicular steeps of the western rivers, the voyager for such a term may be used, is borne along (bridges excepted) with just so much rapidity as never to tire the mind or the eye. The landscapes seem to be painted on a floating canvass, and to advance and recede to accommodate the observer. On that landscape you have seen the modest sugar tree of the east tower to the giant of the west, you have seen the white walnut tree the sure evidence of fertile soil, multiply in quantity and increase in size.—But I have transported in imagination, myself from Beaver, and you from your snug elbow chair to one of the hills of Pittsburgh,—it is time to rouse ourselves, and reflect where we are. Not rouse from dreams of unreal objects for not one picture which has floated before us, but what was drawn from reality. But the farther the traveller penetrates westward, the more will he be tempted to question his own wakefulness. The marks, signs, and sounds of improvement multiply, but reflection sobers imagination by giving assurance that all he sees are promises of a still farther progress in the developement of those resources, that at once enhance the value, and secure the augmentation of human life.

I have lived too long and seen too much to be seduced into admiration at the view of accumulating wealth, if I did not also see the increasing intellectual, moral and real religious principles. But that man must see with other eyes than mine who denies the great meliorating revolution.—Many may, some will no doubt, dispute the reality and adduce some acts of public bodies in proof. But he who has experienced the harsh features of society fifty years past, and can now contrast this harshness with the present mild and decorous texture of manners, will dispute the claim of some not obscure public bodies, to a representation of national morals, I might add manners. The prodigious change made in the use or disuse of intoxicating drink must carry delight to every heart, which deserves to feel delight.

To particularize places, I must say, that of those I have visited, the environs of Beaver, including that borough of course, promise as fair for rapid and durable prosperity as any other, not excepting Pittsburg. The valley of Beaver river and its direction seem to present a channel intended by nature to invite man to finish the work of intercommunication between immense Physical sections, and man has commenced his duties in the accomplishment of his share of the work.

Surveyors are now actively engaged at this place in measuring, leveling, and locating the eastern termination of the Sandy and Beaver canal. This work when completed will open a direct water communication from the Ohio river at the mouth of Beaver river to the great canal of Ohio and into the heart of that state, and add one artery more to our social system.

Incipient steps are being taken to ascertain the facilities and preparatory to the formation of a Rail-road from the mouth of Beaver to that of Conneaut river. Of the results of the examinations little or nothing has transpired. But where do we search a quarter of this country and not find an active energy operating?

As far as my inquiries are concerned this zeal for improvement creates some difficulty in the obtainment of correct information. In no case have I encountered any palpable disposition to deceive, but when warmed up to enthusiasm men involuntarily deceive themselves. In the beauty of their country, however there is no other deception possible than what is produced on the mind of the observer by the seductive and varied physiognomy of nature let the eye be turned in whatever direction. European writers if we judge their feelings by their expressions we might suppose revelled in ruins, and that dilapidated castles, abbeys, and even cities were their scenes of supreme delight. This choice I could never make. In very early life I entered a wilderness whose primitive features were yet but very slightly broken. To see the habitation of man rising has been my superior pleasure.—Much rather would I see the rudest log cabin sending forth its smoke, and hear from it the voice of life, than to wander amid broken walls and deserted streets where every memorial was that of misery, decadence and desolation.

With feelings of pleasure, which I can but faintly express by words, have I revisited those places where when a child or youth, I received the first lessons of such education as was then to be received amid those wilds—I returned, and colleges had replaced the log school house. The classics of Greece and Rome, the lore of olden time—the songs of Homer and lyre of Virgil are now resounding from seminaries which have every where risen as if an unseen hand had touched the rocks and gave them arrangement.

Every art that can minister to the comfort, the security, and the moral and intellectual elevation of our species is here in advance. The soil sends forth its productions in exuberance, and the human mind seems to have attained a similar power of creation. In fact the excessive mental and physical activity in operation affords the only check to our pleasure in a review of this great and growing creation. But are we not reaching a state of things in which the maxims of former times cannot receive that rigid application they once claimed? I have heard the idea laughed to scorn of a vessel being propelled by steam; and I have times out of mind been borne along in floating palaces by steam—Rail roads, both in Europe and America shared the contempt poured forth against steam as an agent of motion—and now steam is employed to whirl along Rail-roads, vehicles, in which the indolent recline as if seated in a drawing room, and the active mind sees the landscape fly past as if in a magic lanthorn.

Mountains which man formerly beheld with awe, are now penetrated by roads, and what is more, by canals. The hardy and robust traveller formerly boasted that with toil and pain he had reached their recesses, and beheld the grandeur of Appalachian scenery. Genius stretched forth his mighty arm and a navigable canal was traced, and with another exertion of his power this canal is supplied with vessels, in which the most delicate female can gaze on the most varied and soul raising features as if from the window of her home.

Here, at the spot where I am writing, a savage wilderness far within my remembrance, with sparkling eyes and glowing hearts the people are regarding themselves as occupying a central point, from which canals and roads are to radiate—a point where rivers meet, mingle and by their deep channels saved millions on millions to human labor. These anticipations are warm but they are mental realities founded on physical realities. They are the sound though bold conceptions of men who have proven the possible and made it probable—yes, certain.

WILLIAM DARBY.

What I like to see.—I like to see a woman out in the morning scraping up chips to build a fire, and her husband in bed; it shows she thinks more for him than she does for herself.

I like to see a merchant and mechanic keep their shop doors and windows closed until the sun is an hour high; it shows they are independent, and ask no favors of their customers.

I like to see young women walking the streets on Sundays in their silks, with holes in their stockings; it shows they are more attentive to things above than below.

I like to see men crowding round the bar room Monday morning before sunrise; it shows their anxiety to get at their week's employment in good season.

I like to see women send their butter to market in a dirty cloth; it shows economy, as it saves washing.

Dr. Johnson's definition of a physician was—One who pours drugs of which he knows little into a stomach of which he knows nothing.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ROBERT.

THE MAGNIFICENT DUKE OF NORMANDY.

Mr. Atkinson—We are so much employed on English reading, that we are involuntarily led away to a forgetfulness that there is an almost illimitable field of literature beyond the British Islands, and embracing Spain, Portugal, France, Netherlands, Germany, Swiss Cantons, Italy, Austria, and her dependancies, Prussia, Russia, Sweden and Denmark. Regions inhabited by upwards of two hundred millions of people, and a region, in some measure, formed into a literary republic by means of the French language. Brooks in his admirable letters states the deficiency of the people of the United States, in a knowledge of this language, the common tie of continental Europe, and so essential an accomplishment to every person desirous to range over the most extended, intellectual tracts of the earth.

On continental Europe, as it has long been in Great Britain, and is becoming in the United States, the most general reading is the Romance, under all the names of Epic, Novel, Tales, Romance, or whatever other title those children of imagination may assume. Their more solid works pass from the British nation to continental Europe with difficulty, but the novels of Walter Scott, spread over nations with the rapidity of light. The real history of those so greatly distinguished islands, are known there to few; but what reader beyond the channel is ignorant of that mingled literature, where the stern reality is hid or decorated by all the foliage and flowers of poetry?

If we reverse the view, the same observations apply, but with more force, as the Romance of the continent does not receive reciprocal attention, from either of the English nations of Europe or America. Whoever reads the French reviews will find that Cooper is in fact more admired in France than in his own country.

In brief, it is time for the American to open to himself a path to great mental fountains, beyond the pale of the English language. I have long thought, that the acquisition of the French language, would be incalculably facilitated, if students would study it in recent works of either history, or romance, or indeed recent works on any subject in place of grammars and other treatises written expressly for students in that language. It is with a view to aid in drawing the attention of the readers of the Saturday Evening Post and Casket, towards treasures, of which many of them no doubt have access, but of the very existence of which many more have but faint ideas, that I have undertaken a series of notices of French works, which if properly known, would stand in every library whose proprietor could sustain the expense.

Le Courier Français, 17th September, 1835.

A new romance of Mr. Lottin de Laval, entitled "*Robert, the Magnificent,*" is on the point of appearing from the press of the bookseller, M. Ambrose Dupont. It is at once a history, and a painting of the chivalric manners, created by the semi-civilization, spread over western Europe by Charlemagne. An administration of justice, at the same time splendid, and brutal in its forms. The degradation of a knight forms the subject of a fragment, which we present to the public.

ASSEMBLY OF THE BARONS.

More than one hundred Norman Barons, had assembled in a beautiful, square and spacious hall [illegible]

[illegible]

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

[illegible]

looking women—one of whom, in addition to a well formed and even graceful person, displayed features, and an expression, that ill accorded with her situation. My friend placed his hand upon his heart, and sighed most affectedly—I cannot say affectingly—a habit I was surprised he should persist in, seeing that it did not pass current with me, on whom I had reason to believe it was intended to make an impression favorable to his susceptibility. I intimated to him that the display was well enough when we were alone, or in a place other than the one we were in. "If you ogle that girl, or make signs to her, you will have that fellow about your ears, believe me." The fact was, the man was evidently one of the "Fancy;" and such people it is best not to meddle with, unless one can stand his ground—an ability I doubted in my friend, who was a small man, and delicately made.

The Fair offering no further novelties, we retraced our steps back to Pall Mall, in time for dinner—which, at that season of the year, (it being September) we were permitted to eat by day, and not *candle*-light—as in the suicidal month of November, which was fast approaching. It had been a day pleasantly spent; and the three hundred and sixty-five may be disposed of as agreeably in London.

SKETCH.—AN EDITOR

BY FREDERICK WEST.

Mr. Pompous Self-Conceit was distinguished from his earliest years for having that eternal loquaciousness which has been felicitously enough, designated, "the gift of gab." In infancy he bore away the palm from the most inveterate of squeakers—out-squalling every thing human, upon the "say so" of the nurse, who often wished the *blessed* babe in heaven. At school his squalling propensity subsided into a talking propensity, and many a boy who had fairly won his marbles forgave him his debt rather than listen to the awful harangue by which he endeavored to disprove it. As he grew up he became a debater—mixed in politics—advocated and denounced measures whenever he could get an opponent to enter the list with him. Here was a glorious field for his aspiring spirit. He became the oracle of a certain set of young men who deemed him a god—that of the people only listening to *his* advice, the golden age would be restored to us—that crime would vanish from the earth—that peace and plenty would reign paramount, and that unalloyed happiness would be tasted by all. It is true that his worshippers were noodles, but he felt it not, and had his ambition rested here, he might have gone down to the grave honored and lamented, but alas,

"Our appetite doth grow by what it feeds on."

The sway he held over his followers was too circumscribed, like a Cæsar or a Bonaparte, he panted for universal dominion. He would become the oracle of the world, and bountifully lavish upon all those opinions which had been received with such extacy by the few. As there are always a great portion of the multitude who, not taking the trouble to analyze a fine high sounding sentence, nor judge for themselves, are taken in by great talkers—so it happened that the fame of Mr. Pompous Self-Conceit marching and swelling as it marched before him, gained him at length the much desired office of Editor, or rather co-Editor of a large newspaper, of a large city, in these large states, which in their magnitude and resources laugh to scorn many principalities and kingdoms of the old world.

His brother editor, who was a gentleman of real talent and ability, and like all talented men, extremely modest withal, was almost lost in the glare of light the new editor threw around, but the eclipse was only partial, and like that phenomenon of nature, endured only for a short time. Our friend was like some huge trunk of a forest tree, falling into a tranquil lake, which for a moment makes an awful splash, and excites the still waters into motion in the far extending circle of ripples it throws forth—but which after the excitement is over, we discover to be a mere block floundering out of its element, to the annoyance of all who have been accustomed to delight in the pure water's unsullied bosom. He was told after a very short official reign that his invaluable services would in future be dispensed with. His rage, his indignation knew no bounds, at what he termed, this mad, this flagrant, this base act. What, he who was benefitting the world to be turned out of office—and for what, to give place to one who only expressed his thoughts in a clear and concise manner to his readers, and who never puzzled them nor lost himself in the mazes of interminable argument—a man whose leading articles usually occupied from six to twenty lines, as the occasion might require—who rarely ever filled half a column upon the most interesting subject, whilst he had happy art to take nothing for a subject, fill half the paper with an argument upon it, and make nothing of it at last. It was too bad, it was infamous, he wondered that the "deep mouthed thunder" did not growl! on such an act, that the sun did not cease to shine on such a wicked world—as to his late partner he was beneath his contempt. However, the only rumbling was in the ex-Editor's head—the sun shone as usual on his wicked enemies, and the poor man beneath him pursued his avocations, to the delight of those poor deluded beings who believe in the axiom, that

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

After this he began to talk longer and louder than ever, and enforced his argument with a knowing shake of his head, which conjured up at once to the imagination of his beholders, the ludicrous figures of the earthen Chinese Mandarins, which are made to wag their empty noddles, as knowingly as if there was something in them. But it had no effect; one by one his old followers dropped from him. He "hugged the flattering unction to his soul," that no man is a prophet in his own country, and accordingly travelled.

Once more he became a great man, he came where his name and his misfortunes were unknown, and he wielded the editorial pen to the delight and astonishment of his employers, who had embarked like regular yankee's in a speculation likely to be profitable, and who knowing nothing of editorial duties or capabilities, imagined that a long article must be better than a short one, and who were satisfied with their employers in proportion to the quantity he gave them.

"O sure a pair were never seen," he had found the very beings he had hunted for. Write! could'nt he write? if a fly fell into a mustard pot, he would record the fact, with an account of the growth of mustard—he would tell you how it was made, the exact quantity of hot water necessary for the process—the delicious flavour it gave to a fine piece of roast beef, &c. &c. then he would expatiate upon the nature of flies, how that in winter they were not to be seen, and in summer they were, and would finally inform you that if the mustard-pot had not been where it was, the fly would not have fallen into it, and that had it not fallen into it, it would have not been killed.

Endless were his resources—Words! He had a whirlwind of them which he scattered over his pages at will. His great theme was independence, which with him was war to the knife—right or wrong, friend or foe, war to the knife. To scorn those petty feelings, by which other men are actuated, to abuse, to slander, to vilify, was independence.

He never acknowledged an error or a wrong, that would not have been independent. It might be just, but justice was not, he deemed, the watchword of an editor—it was independence. At length from the few subscribers who remained to the production, [illegible] the great man's great talents, sundry complaints arose, they told him fanciful articles being the main features of a paper to the exclusion of general and important information, would not do, and that moreover people had an objection to paying money to be abused in the bargain, merely to show the independence of an editor.

Mr. Pompous was again turned loose upon the world; what became of him afterwards I could never learn, but, no doubt, in some little, narrow sphere, he still holds on with his accustomed verbosity.

It is singular how words are misapplied and tortured to serve the will of an individual. It is needless to say that the poor man who was a perfect slave to his vanity, had not that independence which he was always vainly vaunting—perhaps because he felt that if he did not, no one would give him credit for it—but it is invariably the case. [illegible]

Most women, judge of the merit and good mien of a man, by what impression they make on themselves, and rarely allow either one or the other, to the person they are not touched with.—*La Bruyere.*

Saturday Evening Post.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1828.

To Correspondents.

"J. V. D." is declined.

It is unpleasant to us to be obliged to reject so many communications—but really "Correspondents" seem to imagine the merest crudities of the brain—into thinking imperfectly as we greet—are fitted for publication. A recent communication, of some two or three pages, headed, "The Folly of Ambition," after some extremely common place reflections, by way of preface, goes on to state the case of a youth designed by his father for some mechanical pursuit, but who chose to employ his time in writing for the newspapers—believing that nature had endowed him with talents fitting him to excel in some higher vocation than that of setting up type,—and that the father, with a view to sustain him in the line of life he had fixed upon, by rendering him independent in his circumstances, devotes his whole time and attention to his farm, the products of which are to be appropriated to the maintenance of his hopeful son. This is the long and substance—beginning, middle and end—of our "Correspondents," lucubrations on the "Folly of Ambition"—and we here cite it as a sample of what we mean by "crudities," in the hope that our "Correspondents" may thereby save themselves in future the trouble of sending, and the editor of this paper the task of reading and responding to similar communications.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

NEW YORK, September, 1836.

Dear Sir—I see you have with your usual zealous enterprise, engaged in the publication of a penny sheet, and believing that a letter from the "Occidental Metropolis," as a learned professor styles New York; will not prove unacceptable, I therefore sit down to give you "first impressions" of a portion of the population of the Union, the most active—energetic and ill-sorted that ever set them down on the sea-board, sending out merchant navies to gather in the wealth of every land, where a Yankee vessel can find a harbour, or a Yankee spectacle-seal sale for his notions. I shall remain in New York some four or five weeks, and shall make it my business to "catch the manners living as they rise," and send them to the National Atlas, which I understand, is destined to be the leading weekly of the public spirit of the good people of brotherly love.

To record the thousand events, that are daily cast up in this energetic metropolis, would require an old Henry Chronicler, for truly, the state of public morals is decidedly unsound. And twice lords greater way than is consistent with the professed respect for municipal regulations.

A long beardy might be justly tackled to the skirts of the worthy corporation, for their relentless in not imposing greater restraint upon the loose principles of the vast hordes of foreigners, who are first stamped by the paltry of European powers, and to whom may be traced a majority of the popular, crude and often enormously brute out, in such law, riots, stabbing and shooting pockets. Every day's report at the lower office shows that New York is rapidly marching down the highway to ruinate, and if the corporation will wish to preserve her from most expect, and that shortly—a new order of government. A popular exclamation has the fashionable will take the rod of correction into their own hands, and reward their present rulers with the same coin, with which Naples reward the Spaniard for his audience at the lone on Masaniello at the head of a ragged gang of fishermen, overthrew the vice royalty, and made disorder the sovereign of the land. Let the Democratic Conscilium look to it, or the Sixth Ward will do more injury, than the voters of its fifteen population can ever atone for. There is mischief brewing in the perspective, so I say, let them look to it! You will see by the papers, that a number of felonious affairs take place pretty often enough to afford matter for a paragraph daily, generally small in detail—but the frequency of shoplifting, burglaries, and six-penny thefts, but now and then, a more glaring outrage disturbs the fine repose of the city, and crime stands revealed in its most glaring and lovelier colors. These undertakings of a diminutive complexity are necessarily to be encountered in all our large cities, and in proportion to the size of a population of nearly 300,000 souls, can more forward in the race for wealth, where their fiery passion becoming at times inflamed, but a well regulated and efficient police, backed by a determined and fearless corporation, could oppose a barrier to this fermentation of public boiling. But a truce to moralizing upon the evil, which has exhausted the eloquence of all the reformers of the press and pulpit.

If a stranger, landing upon the quay of New York, was asked the enormous question the appearance of it, and its environs, he would answer, provided he gave his candid opinion, that it was decidedly the greatest city of twenty times, ranging as he must from the brief period of its growth, and the rapid advancement, it is making in the scale of mercantile greatness. Its narrow dirty streets are constantly alive with the thousands, whom business or curiosity congregate in groups, or jostle each other on the pave. There is a hum constant and loud, rising from its crowded thoroughfares, like the sounds of the rustling winds when heard from a distance; and a walk through the business sections —a peep into the stores of the merchants and artificers, or a view of the shipping, constantly going or returning, gives evidence gratifying to the patriotic feelings of the gazer, that New York is indeed the entrepôt of the New World and need not shrink from a contrast with the ever green capitals of Europe. Nothing in her local advantages, recognized as the mart of all our commerce, and wealthy beyond calculation, one has only to preserve her from violation, and enforce respect to her civil institutions, and she will rise to a greatness, as surpassing as that on which the world looked admiringly some centuries back, when Venice shadowed the ocean with her fleets, and ruled the commercial world by the power of her merchant Kings.

Now I would not have written you so discursively, was there any thing of a particular character, worth sending, but there is not. New York is carried away daily by excitement in its chambers, but it awakens after a time, and seeks some such food as may best appease its appetite. Lynch law, abolition riots and election rows will soon flourish, and I may have some terrible re-exhibitions, and lamentable catastrophies to relate. At present, there is literally nothing astir, the bank stock gamblers are no longer a subject of discussion—the commissioners robbed the world, and the matter has been forgotten—the hotel not commenced, although the preseminator may be gathered from the immense hemlocks out of Lord Fore *Ming*, as he is called, who wanders the Maysville, but is not yet in sight, and the tennis has spoken to the Fanneuy inhabits: while on the other, the Wing believers rally at the Masonic Hall, and parade the streets, chanting the tune of Kinderhook. The signs of the times foretell a storm in November, of more than common violence, and all parties are confident of victory, so I break for the present.

The Theatres opened on Monday night, with the most effusive forces that were ever assembled in one city, at any one season. *Power, Wallack* and *Mrs. Hilson*, at the Park; *Booth, Scott* and *Inverarity*, at the National; and *Hamblin*, of the Bowery, promises the same—but last not as yet verified his promise. There are two minor Theatres, making five in all in this city, and three of them must go down. The Park and Bowery Theatres must stand, the others sink after a brief season. *Ogley* performed a short engagement at the Park, he is a very actor deserving encouragement, and he possesses in a remarkable degree, what but few of his craft can boast, originality. It is true a satisfactory virtue for the players as well it, be a very likely to sink, from the absence of this quality, but of his more than merited brethren.

A case of suicide occurred on Wednesday last. The wretched destroyer of the life, which belonged to a wife and large family of children, was a gentleman, by the name of Jackson, S. C., recently appointed Cashier of the Morris Canal Bank, located in this city. He had just left to hold the same office in the Branch Bank of the United States, at Hamilton. No other cause is imagined for the rash act, than a supposed mental state of mind, growing out of his change of residence, and the entering his duties at new vocations.

The Grand Jury are in session, and have before them among other questions of interest, the one relating to the burning down of the Brooklyn Ferry Boat, by the Providence Steamer, *General Jackson*. The understanding of the act the investigation is simply, that the public mind may be satisfied as to the true state of the case. There can be no doubt but that the officers of the General Jackson, are innocent of any criminal conduct, although if there seems as though some negligent had been exhibited somewhere. The general anticipation is, that the delendants will come out safe from the investigation.

I shall write you again next week.

Yours, &c.

[The publication of the above letter, intended for last week's paper, was postponed on account of the absence of the publisher.]

One hundred million yards of calico were manufactured in the United States last year.

ANOTHER MURDER!

It was but a few days ago, that we congratulated our readers upon the quiet and orderly character of our population, and spoke of the infrequency of crime—and contrasted our own city favorably with that condition of the boasted city of crime and depravity, New York. It is our melancholy duty to announce to-day the murder of a young man, under circumstances of heartless barbarity, and with the original in front of connection with this horrid affair, only suppressing the name of the lady who was present at the unnatural scene, and who testified before the Coroner's Jury.

The facts of the case are as follows:—A young man named Wm. Jackson Koehler, with a neighbor looking young woman of the town as he was, were promenading in Spruce street, between Schuylkill Fifth and Second Sixth, on last Friday night, or may have been 10 o'clock, perhaps a little before—and from what followed, it would be inferred that hour, when they stopped in front of a house, from whence issued sounds of merriment and joy—the music of the violin and the dancers' feet keeping time to the same. Utterly unconscious of offence—intending none, and so far as we can learn, not of a turbulent or vindictive disposition, but quite the reverse—the latter gentleman stood in front of the house of amusements, giving utterance to no expression that could be construed or tortured into identification of unmanly and brutal outrage—ending in the destruction of human life, committed by a cowardly assassin.

After remaining but a few minutes in front of the house, Koehler, with the young female, crossed over on the opposite side, and had scarcely done so, when a man, having the appearance of a sailor, wearing a red flannel shirt, came out from the house in question, and passing by Koehler, asked his name, to which question to Koehler, asked his name, to which question "Wm. Jackson" was the reply. Two other persons then came over, and in front of Koehler, in his hand a piece of iron, struck a severe and fatal blow on the head—the instrument used—the latter, fracturing his skull directly across one of the parietal bones, with the recurring blow, by which he was prostrated to the earth, the young man, with the assistance of the female before him, and walked home; he stated to her that he knew them. On arriving at his father's residence, medical assistance was entirely unavailing, and the unfortunate victim of villainy breathed his last—and it is stated that a sufficient clue is given to the police officers, as to the perpetrator of the fiendish murder will be brought to condign punishment.—*Public Ledger*

Shooting Match.—A row of a very serious character occurred in Hermitage place, in the Third tenet, between Race and Vine, on Monday afternoon last. Two men were severely injured, and who were examined before the Mayor, and bound over to appear at Court to answer the charges preferred against them by Mr. Maloy. The first named is a husband and father, and a Dutchman by birth. He is known to be of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and has resided in Northumberland county for many years. The other is a young man, and is said to be a carver by trade. It appears that a dispute arose between the two, in relation to the ownership of a cock fight, although we have not been able to learn exactly what the dispute was about. It is stated that the parties had been engaged in the cock fight, and that the dispute arose in relation to the ownership of the cock. The dispute ran high, and at last they both went in true Kentucky style to settling it. They went into the yard of the house of Michael Dungan, corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, and there, in the presence of a number of persons, they commenced the fight. The parties were separated by the police, and taken before the Mayor, who required them to enter into recognizances in the sum of $500 each to appear at Court to answer the charges preferred against them by Mr. Maloy. The first named is a husband and father, and a Dutchman by birth. He is known to be of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and has resided in Northumberland county for many years. The other is a young man, and is said to be a carver by trade. It appears that a dispute arose between the two, in relation to the ownership of a cock fight, although we have not been able to learn exactly what the dispute was about. It is stated that the parties had been engaged in the cock fight, and that the dispute arose in relation to the ownership of the cock. The dispute ran high, and at last they both went in true Kentucky style to settling it. They went into the yard of the house of Michael Dungan, corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, and there, in the presence of a number of persons, they commenced the fight. The parties were separated by the police, and taken before the Mayor, who required them to enter into recognizances in the sum of $500 each to appear at Court to answer the charges preferred against them by Mr. Maloy.

Shocking Accident.—Last week a man named George Gill was driving the horses attached to three cars down the Broadway hill, when the horses, just as they were crossing Passyunk Road, became alarmed at a quantity of coal in the street, and attempted to spring from the track. In his exertions to manage the restive animals, Gill got out of the car, and between the swingle tree and a lower cross piece. The car was drawn forward by the force of the horses, just as they were crossing Passyunk Road, when a quantity of coal fell from the car

Philadelphia Prices Current.

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 10,

[Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, from Mr. Russell's Commercial Intelligencer, and Prices Current.]

Ashes,		Sugar-house,	
Pots, 1st sort,	3 25	Co., N. York,	45 50
Pearls,	4 37	2 do. Philada.	46
Beeswax,		do. New,	34 35
Bristles,	13	Havana white,	42 43
Cotton,		Brown,	39 40
Flour, Philada.		Havana brown,	35 40
La Plata,	15	Tea, Hyson,	1 10
Do.		Hyson Skin,	1
Do. & Montevid.		Young Hyson,	1
Do.		MACKEREL,	
Do.		No. 1, Old,	18 50
Do.	50 6 00	No. 1, New,	19 25
Do.	5 75 6 00	No. 2,	15
Do.	5 75 6 00	No. 3,	12
Do.	13 15	Oil,	
Do.	13 14	Linseed, Am. from	
Do.	14 15	cask,	98 1 00
Do.	14 15	do. Dutch,	1 00 1 05
Do.	14 15	Whale, gal.	95
Do.	14 15	Sperm, winter,	1 10
Do.	14 15	Spermaceti,	45
Do.	14 15	PLASTER PARIS,	
Do.	14 15	Ground, ton	
Do.	14 15	In Schuylkill,	3 00 3 25
Do.	14 15	Do.	
Do.	14 15	Cheese, lump,	13
Do.	14 15	Clayed sugar,	20
Do.	14 15	do. cloaf,	
Do.	14 15	Tow cloth,	20
Do.	14 15	Hemp, bush.	
Do.	14 15	Manilla,	
Do.	14 15	Cordage,	
Do.	14 15	WHISKEY,	
Do.	14 15	Philada.	41 42
Do.	14 15	do in bbls.	39 40
Do.	4 75 4 87	Wrought nails,	8
Do.	4 75 4 87	Cut,	5
Do.	4 75 4 87	Patent Salæratus,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	per lb.	6 8
Do.	4 75 4 87	Am. wash. ld.	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Am. soda,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	do. ground,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	do. sifted,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Saleratus,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Am. saw-dust,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Soap,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Castile,	12
Do.	4 75 4 87	Starch,	6 7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Candles,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	Mould,	10 11
Do.	4 75 4 87	Dipped,	9 10
Do.	4 75 4 87	Sperm,	25
Do.	4 75 4 87	Tallow,	11
Do.	4 75 4 87	Shot,	12
Do.	4 75 4 87	Lead,	7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Spirits,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	Brandy,	1 75 2
Do.	4 75 4 87	Gin,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Rum,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Steel,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	Blister,	7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Shear,	12
Do.	4 75 4 87	Spring,	7
Do.	4 75 4 87	Tea,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	Hyson,	1 10 1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Young Hyson,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Hyson Skin,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Souchong,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Bohea,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Tobacco,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	Leaf,	6
Do.	4 75 4 87	Manufactured,	12
Do.	4 75 4 87	Virginia,	6
Do.	4 75 4 87	Whiting,	1
Do.	4 75 4 87	Wool,	
Do.	4 75 4 87	Merino,	50
Do.	4 75 4 87	Mixed,	40
Do.	4 75 4 87	Pulled,	40
Do.	4 75 4 87	Spanish,	50
Do.	4 75 4 87	Yarn,	40

JOHNSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, September 10, 1836.

TO POSTMASTERS, SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.

When ordering subscriptions, renewals, or discontinuances, it is necessary to state the name of the office to which the post-office is situated; a neglect of this omission frequently occasions much trouble and delay. Persons who are not in the habit of remitting frequently neglect this necessary requisite. Subscribers should also state the name of the "State" where a letter is not a frank. We are frequently subjected to the payment of postage on letters, when the writer is not aware that it is necessary. The full name must be given to the subscription or remittance will not be attended to. Subscribers who have not received their papers regularly, should make immediate application to the office where they receive them, and not to us; there can be no mistake in the matter, as we have a list of names before us, from which we can at once ascertain whether the paper has been regularly forwarded or not. Subscribers who wish their papers discontinued at the end of the year, should write us a few days before the year expires, as we cannot be held responsible for the subscription after the year has expired, unless a request to discontinue has been received—and when remitting the pecuniary obligation, it should be done.

The labors incident to the management of newspapers, having an extensive circulation, are of a large kind, and yet productive of but little profit, are so manifold and onerous, that the editor is desirous of obtaining a suitable assistant, who would relieve him from some portion of the same.

Gentlemen desirous a share, or interest, in the establishment to a gentleman qualified and willing to assume a portion of its duties, will find the means of contributing a reasonable object. Applications to be made to the editor, free of postage.

Wednesday.

FRANCE.

Mr. James A. Marshall will act as Agent for Johnson's periodicals at *Chicago*, Illinois, in place of Wm. Montgomery resigned.

Florida.—In the letter from our Correspondent, in last week's paper, the name of the steamer the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, are to bring to market this season only 100,000 tons of coal. It should have read 150,000 tons.

New York Free Companies. Nos. 1, 2 and 3, arrived in that city on Thursday last, and were received with a very cordial reception from their brethren of Philadelphia, who went out with their Engines on the occasion. Their visit to this city will be returned in full, which a spirit that reflected much credit upon the severally.

RANCH OF THE U. STATES BANK.—We are informed that the U. States Bank of Pennsylvania has located its branch for Beaver county, in the town of New Brighton, in Brighton township, on the Ohio river. The building is now being prepared for the purposes of the

The latest foreign news, which will be found under columns, contains nothing of importance to the confirmation of the death of M. Talleyrand.

Mr. Salem, N. J. Banner has published a list of persons nominated for different offices at the ensuing election. We suppose they are the officers of one party only. For Council 30—Assembly 9?, for Sheriff 13, for Coroner 5—There must be valuable in Salem county.

Cholera in Charleston, S. C.—Letters received from Charleston state that 45 cases of cholera occurred in that city, of which 15 had proved fatal. The Board of Health are not decided, however, as to its being cholera. On the 25th of July, that capital. Two cases of cholera morbus, 5 adults, and 2 children—all Blacks.

Second Discovery.—The European correspondent of one of our American papers observes—"Robert Peel and O'Connel are unquestionably men of talents."

Agency Hat.—Two northern papers have for some time been publishing a notice of this subject, and have finally referred the matter, for decision, to the editor of the New York Evening Star, who has decided in favor of the Gipsey Hat, for which, he says, he "goes the whole hog."

Major Gales.—The officers who served as volunteers in the left wing of the Florida army, have presented a complimentary dinner to Major Gadsden, S. C. and passed resolutions approving the conduct of Major Gates at Fort Barrancas, and respectfully soliciting his restoration to the army from which he has been unjustly and illegally dismissed by Gen. Jackson, whose illegal organ the Globe intimates, in no many words, that he had been necessary to the service of the body in order to allay, if possible, public opinion, which began to press too heavily upon the guilty consciences of Washington, and to arouse the fury of the old chief, at the head of government, exasperated by the failures of his chief order of his subordinates, gets wind of the temper of the people and justice of that government which could thus attempt to shield its accomplices, by selecting as its victim one who recently twenty years of faithful service to the country in a capacity ever since always with peril and distress.

MR. AND MISS COOPER.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Mr. and Miss Cooper are shortly to appear upon the boards in this city. Of Mr. Cooper, whose transcendant powers have for so many years put all rivalry to the blush, it is unnecessary to speak. He is the idol of the Greek critic—that, in short, he is the standard, by which making beneath him, is said the great sun.

Miss Cooper, we understand, is a young lady of the most interesting appearance, and of the most engaging manners. Her style of acting is said to be of a very high order, and we have no doubt that she will be received with the most flattering marks of favor by the public.—Should it be possible, for instance, to play "Julia" in "The Hunchback," as either of the two theatres in this city by the wife of Cooper, Booth and Forrest played respectively the characters of Anthony, Brutus and Cassius. But this, for some reason that we are unable to divine, they will not do—although, we have a strange misgiving that they will do it after all, for a single misgiving that they will do it after all, for a single misgiving that they will do it after all, for a single

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

An.—"*The Troubadour.*"
Gaily the Editor
Smoking his cigar,
While he was scissoring
News over and o'er,
Looking for numbers dear,
Item or puff—
"Devil come—devil come—
Ain't this enough?"

Sadly the Editor
Heard the boy shout,
"Paragraphs!—paragraphs!—
My copy's run out."
Then with a sorrowful pen,
He scribbled some stuff,
"Devil come—devil come—
Ain't this enough?"

Wild look'd the Editor,
Rage fired his eye,
When read the little imp,
"The Earth's gone to pi"
Straight to the Sanctum flew,
Gave him a cuff—
Careless one, "—devilers imp!—
I'll give you enough!"

Turkey Boasts.—Terence O'Breen was attached (in company with Peter Grimple) to one of the British frigates, which was ordered to the West Indies. While there he attended "a dignity ball" by the colored "ladies and gentlemen." After having danced the last country dance with "Miss Rosetta," he (of course had the honor of handing her into the supper room. "It was my fate," says he "to sit opposite to a fine turkey, and I asked my partner if I should not have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me very indignantly, and said, "Curse your impudence, sar, I never sit where you turn masters. Sar, I take a lilly turkey bosom, if you please."

National Predilections.—There are several kinds of drinkers, each of which has his own taste; and that every country has its peculiar beverage, we have evidence in the following old ballad:—

The Russ loves brandy, Dutchmen beer
The Indian rum most mighty;
The Welchman sweet methoglin quaffs,
The Irish usquebaugh;
The French extol the Orleans grape,
The Spaniard tipples sherry;
The Yankies none of these escape,
For they wish all to make merry.

The first lesson in music.—An Irish gentleman asked on an eminent singing master to make him learn the measure and that he charged two guineas for the first lesson, but only one guinea for as many as he pleased afterwards. "O better the first lesson (said the applicant) let us commence at the second.—*Musical World.*

Scientific pun.—A gentleman was showing a friend a lichen of extraordinary inflated with oxygen. "But (observed the friend) if the oxygen should escape, how can you get it into the bladder again?" "That is not the difficulty (quoth a bystander) it is not how to get the oxygen into the bladder again, but how to get the bladder into the oxygen!"

A correspondent, referring to the "fire battle near," recorded in Fraser's Magazine, gives the following information: "His name was Van Horn, and he was a Hamburg merchant, and belonged to a club called the Amicable society, held at the Bull inn, Bishopsgate street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period, he drank 52,000 bottles of wine, which makes 2972 dozen and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles per day. He did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days, the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter. He lived till he was ninety years of age.

The following is a list of copy of a letter sent to a medical gentleman, for the cure of Hair Blackberry:

"Sir,—Vale oblige me if yole kom un to me I have lad a Bad kowld, am Hill at my Bon Hilie and have lost my Happy Fight."

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—There are many incidents in the early naval history of our country worth preserving, among which is the following anecdote of the heroic Truxtun. When he commanded the *Ganges*, in 1799, being off Cape Nicola Mole, he was boarded by a loud talking English frigate Surprise, and all the Englishmen on board were demanded, and also permission to examine the protections of the American seamen. Captain Tingey returned the following manly and noble answer: "A public ship carries no protection for her men but her flag. I do not expect to succeed in a contest with you—but I will die at my quarters before a man shall be taken from the ship." The crisp gave three hearty cheers, hastened with alacrity to their quarters, and realized the Yankee *Doodle*. The Captain of the Surprise, on hearing of the determination of the Yankees, either rather of course his course, thus to do battle for dead men.—*Boston Journal.*

National characteristics.—There is, in central Africa, an election monarchy, where an intelligent and moral people choose, from among themselves, a sovereign; one requisite qualification is superior moral, and such election generally continues for the lifetime of the monarchs. Napoleon Bonaparte styled Great Britain a nation of shopkeepers, and in this country we recognise a notion of blacksmithing, tinkering, makers; who, like Mr. Robert Warren, of Strand, may justly exclaim as the lad in the world.—*Travels in Africa.*

To Seedsmith—one of our Penobscot Indians owed long since, was sued for a sum of $5, a white man, before Squire Johnson. On the day of the trial, Jo made his appearance, and he considered the response amount for debt and costs, and demanded a receipt in full. When he found it still was entirely unnecessary, said the squaw. "O yes, me want his receipt again, for I told him a receipt will do you no good." Settle squire Johnson, I want un. — What do you want it for, Jo? Why some one may get to know—then some they say— Well, Jo tockaway, you may have him." Then one day— No." Very well—old you return Ben Johnson?" "O yes, me have un." Well, Jo, then you show un receipt." Then he have to go away all downcast—run all over hell, to hunt on squire Johnson!"—*Bangor Herald.*

Female Convicts.—On the third morning, 200 of these wretches attached the workmen, took from them their hammers and sledges, broke out the huge prison doors, and rushed into the town, attacking the square where they knew they were ordered out, the light company of H. M. 87th regiment in front, and the band beat a retreat towards the surrounding hills while the bugles of the troops sounded a charge; the order being to prevent the factory from falling refuge to the bush; which rose, had it been necessary, would have rendered it difficult to predict whether Venus or Mars would have conquered; however, the former threw their hats, skirts, and drawn marches and countermarches, in drums and bugles announced a parley; and a battle was considered a drawn fight—and a treaty agreed to, in which it was stipulated that the law authorities should march back in front of the rumors of war, within the gates of the factory, all differences forgiven, and the usual allowance of tea and sugar restored. This little incident brings to mind one of the determined character of the female prisoners at New South Wales.—*Hobart Town Lake.*

The total.—This term which is used by temperance societies to designate the system which inculcates abstinence from intoxicating liquors, originated with a man named Turner, a member of the Preston temperance society, who, having an impediment of speech in addressing a meeting remarked, that partial abstinence from intoxicating liquors would not do, they must use but such an one-tee-tee-total abstinence.

Beautiful Appeal to an Atheist.—I cannot believe that a wise Father takes more than a thousand worlds, turning through the beautiful world, beneath its glorious canopy of light, and leaf feel, and sometimes tremble, at those evidences of Almighty benevolence and agency, that flame from the sun, sparkle in the warm drops in the showers, breathe in the winds, murmur in the waters, exhale from the flowers, and watch from the grasses. And I am sure that sometimes in your hours of depression and sorrow—and no doubt such hours are the brighter hopes and surer foundations than any on which you can now repose. You are beginning to feel the emptiness of all life but the best—day of youth and enterprise is past. You have tasted about all that the world had to give; death has again invaded your domestic circle, and every tone an age approaches, the star after another will drop from your sky.

To the Christian, surrounded by the glories of his home, those loved and parting lights of love guide away to wait in arrival in a purer splendor. To you they are nothing to blackness of darkness forever. And as each year your passage to the tomb becomes more desolate and dim, no glimmer of hope arises to cheer, but all around is darkness, silence, and unbroken gloom.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

The speed of this bird is very great, being not less than a mile in a minute, and its attachment to its mate is remarkable. Pierre Augustin Bescherer in if the organ of inhabitiveness strongly developed, a singular fact in connection with which and his strength, so do all facts from the same source, to support their system. These qualities render the bird very useful as a messenger; for which purpose it is frequently used, but especially in financial transactions. Prior to this last purpose, they are greatly used, both in England and on the continent of Europe; and one individual in Antwerp, an extensive speculator, keeps 1800 pigeons, which are regularly dispersed.

They have rarely been used in the United States, having been, since the Revolution, they were employed by Sir John Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire. He owned a country seat at Wolfborough, on the borders of the Winnepesaugee lake, to which he always retired in summer. The distance of his residence from Portsmouth, in a direct line, was about forty miles; and whenever he wished to despatch a message of instructions to the capital, he employed a carrier pigeon. He brought many from England, frequently used them for such purposes.

They might be very advantageously employed between our commercial cities, and a flight from New York to Philadelphia might be performed by one of them in little more than an hour.—During the session of Congress, news might be transmitted from Washington to Philadelphia in an hour and three quarters, or two hours at most. About an hour more, or at most two hours and two merchants, one in New York, the other Philadelphia, would receive a daily supply, and furnish each other respectively with news, five hours in advance of the steamboats. Each should keep a number of pidgeons, bred in his own premises, for the purpose of occasionally exchange them. The birds thus taken from their homes, would invariably return when let loose. The intelligence to be carried is put into a small billet or paper, and tied round the neck of the bird, so as to fall under the wing. When the bird is liberated, which is to be done by tossing it into the air, it immediately flies in one of its circles, and then rises rapidly in a spiral direction, to a very great height. It then departs in a straight line, and keeps at that elevation to its journey's end, when it descends occasionally to change